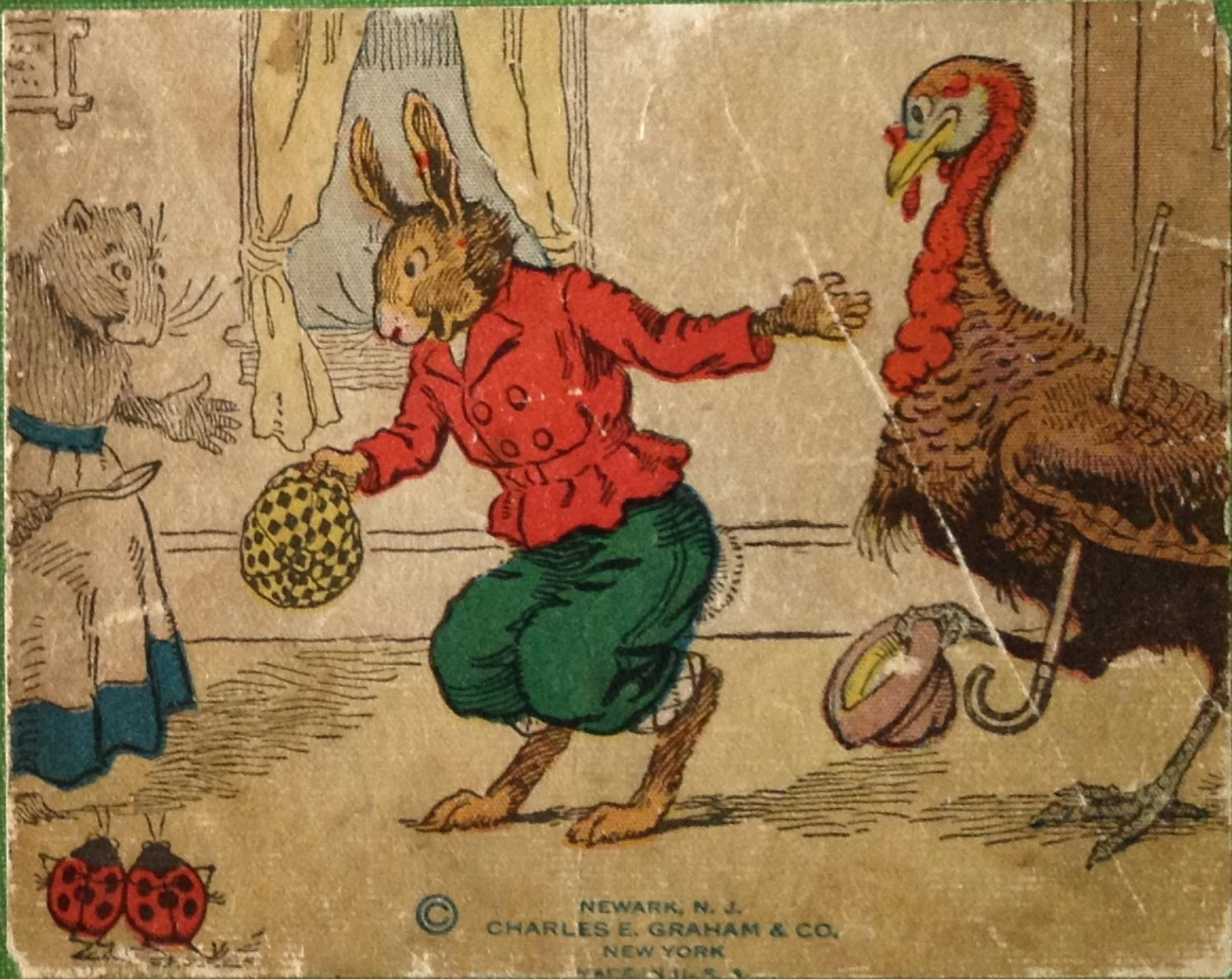
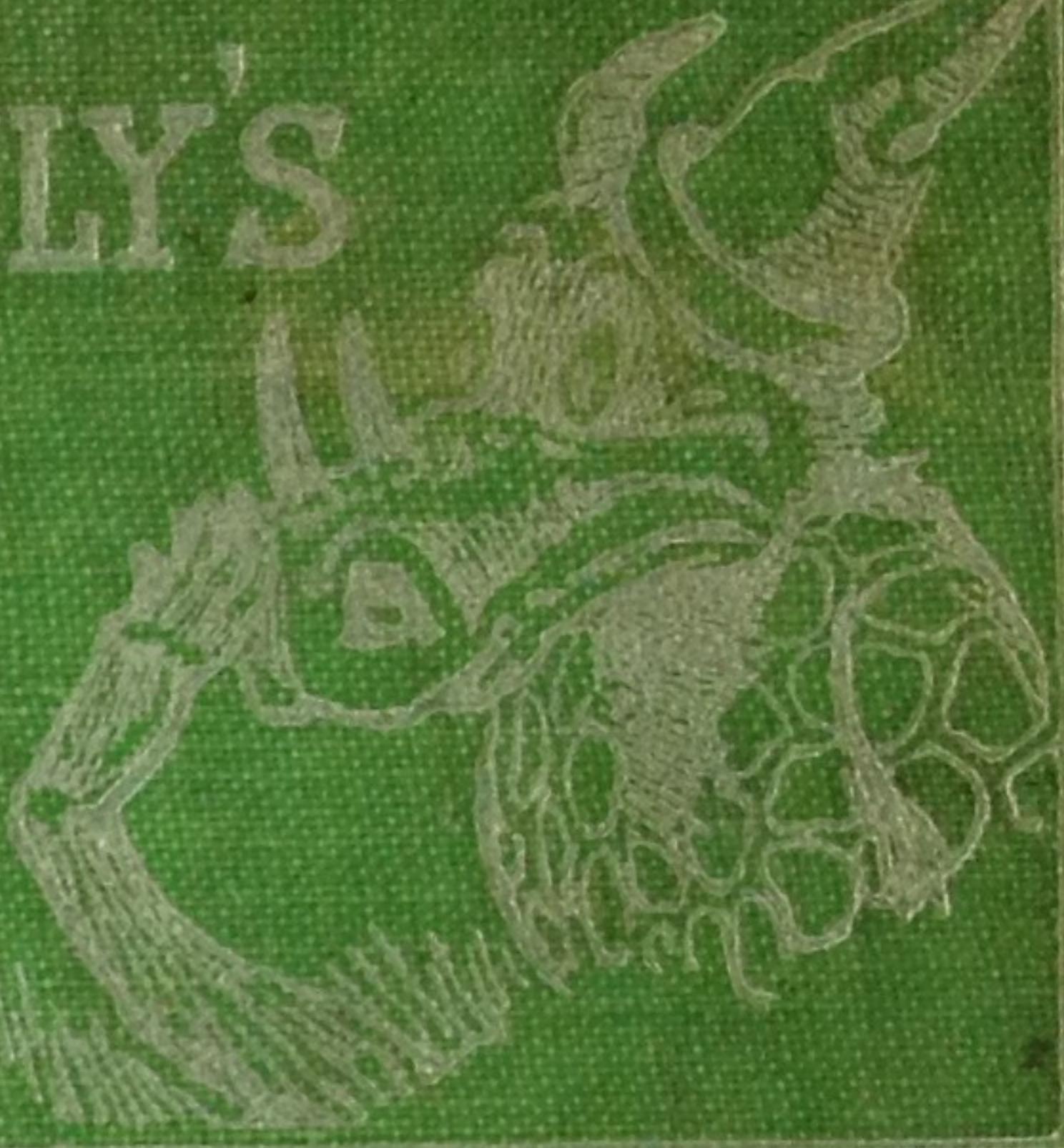


# Uncle Wiggily's Holidays

by  
HOWARD R. GARIS



NEWARK, N. J.  
CHARLES E. GRAHAM & CO.  
NEW YORK  
PRINTED IN U. S. A.

This little book  
is from the library of



When you have read, and laughed with glee  
Please bring this book right back to me.

JANG  
CAMPBELL

# Uncle Wiggily's Holidays

Or

How Uncle Wiggily Had a Turkey for Thanksgiving and  
How He Delivered the Christmas Presents and  
How He Baked the New Year's Cake.



Text By

HOWARD R. GARIS

Author of Three Little Trippertrots and Bed Time Stories

Pictured By

LANG CAMPBELL

NEWARK, N. J.

CHARLES E. GRAHAM & CO.

NEW YORK

IF YOU LIKE THIS FUNNY LITTLE PICTURE BOOK ABOUT THE  
BUNNY RABBIT GENTLEMAN YOU MAY BE GLAD  
TO KNOW THERE ARE OTHERS.

---

So if the spoon holder doesn't go down cellar and take the coal shovel away from the gas stove, you may read

- 1 UNCLE WIGGILY'S AUTO SLED.
- 2 UNCLE WIGGILY'S SNOW MAN.
- 3 UNCLE WIGGILY'S HOLIDAYS.
- 4 UNCLE WIGGILY'S APPLE ROAST.
- 5 UNCLE WIGGILY'S PICNIC.
- 6 UNCLE WIGGILY'S FISHING TRIP.
- 7 UNCLE WIGGILY'S JUNE BUG FRIENDS.
- 8 UNCLE WIGGILY'S VISIT TO THE FARM.
- 9 UNCLE WIGGILY'S SILK HAT.
- 10 UNCLE WIGGILY, INDIAN HUNTER.
- 11 UNCLE WIGGILY'S ICE CREAM PARTY.
- 12 UNCLE WIGGILY'S WOODLAND GAMES.
- 13 UNCLE WIGGILY ON THE FLYING RUG.
- 14 UNCLE WIGGILY AT THE BEACH.
- 15 UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PIRATES.
- 16 UNCLE WIGGILY'S FUNNY AUTO.
- 17 UNCLE WIGGILY ON ROLLER SKATES.
- 18 UNCLE WIGGILY GOES SWIMMING.

Every book has three stories, including the title story.

*Uncle Wiggily*

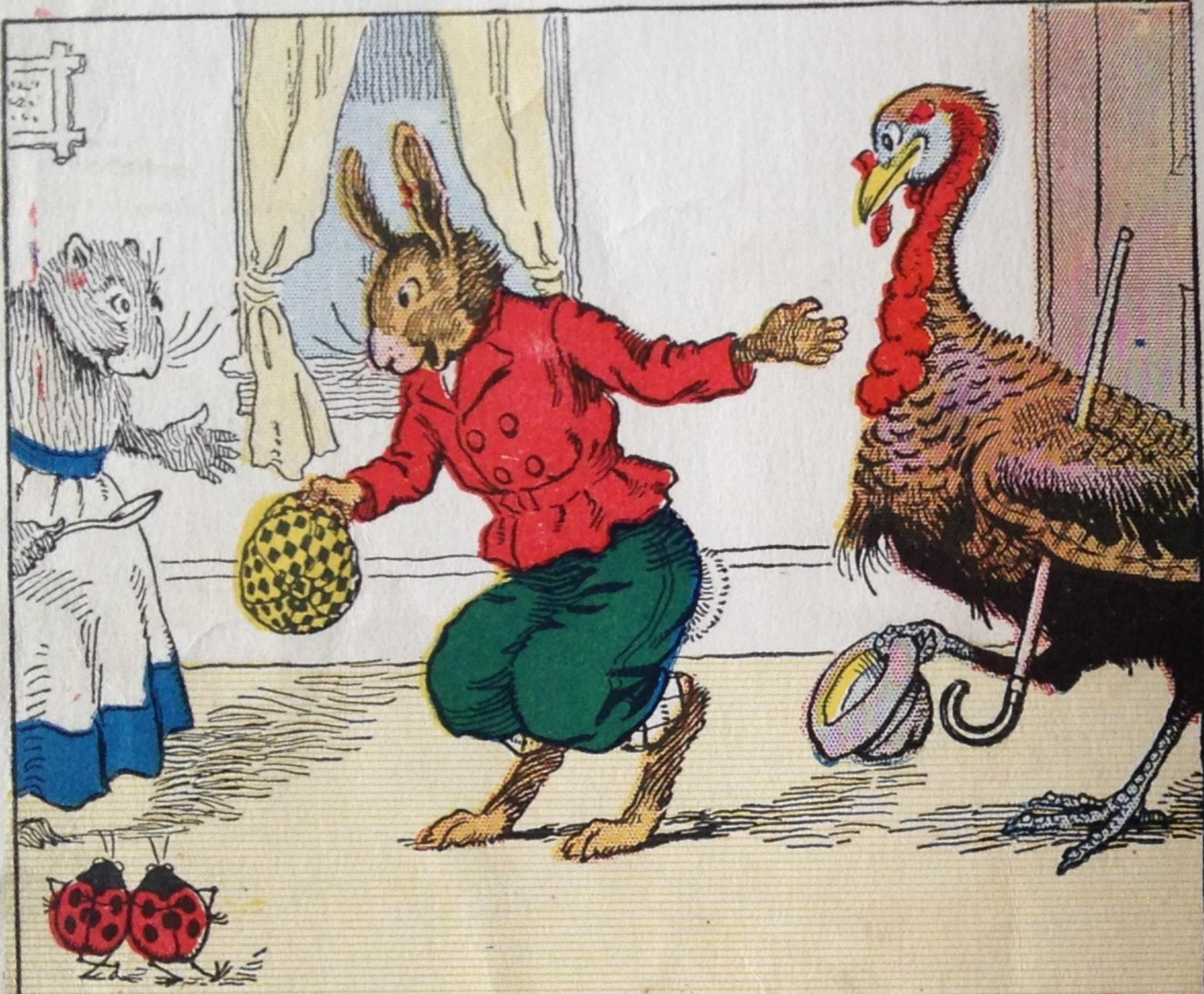
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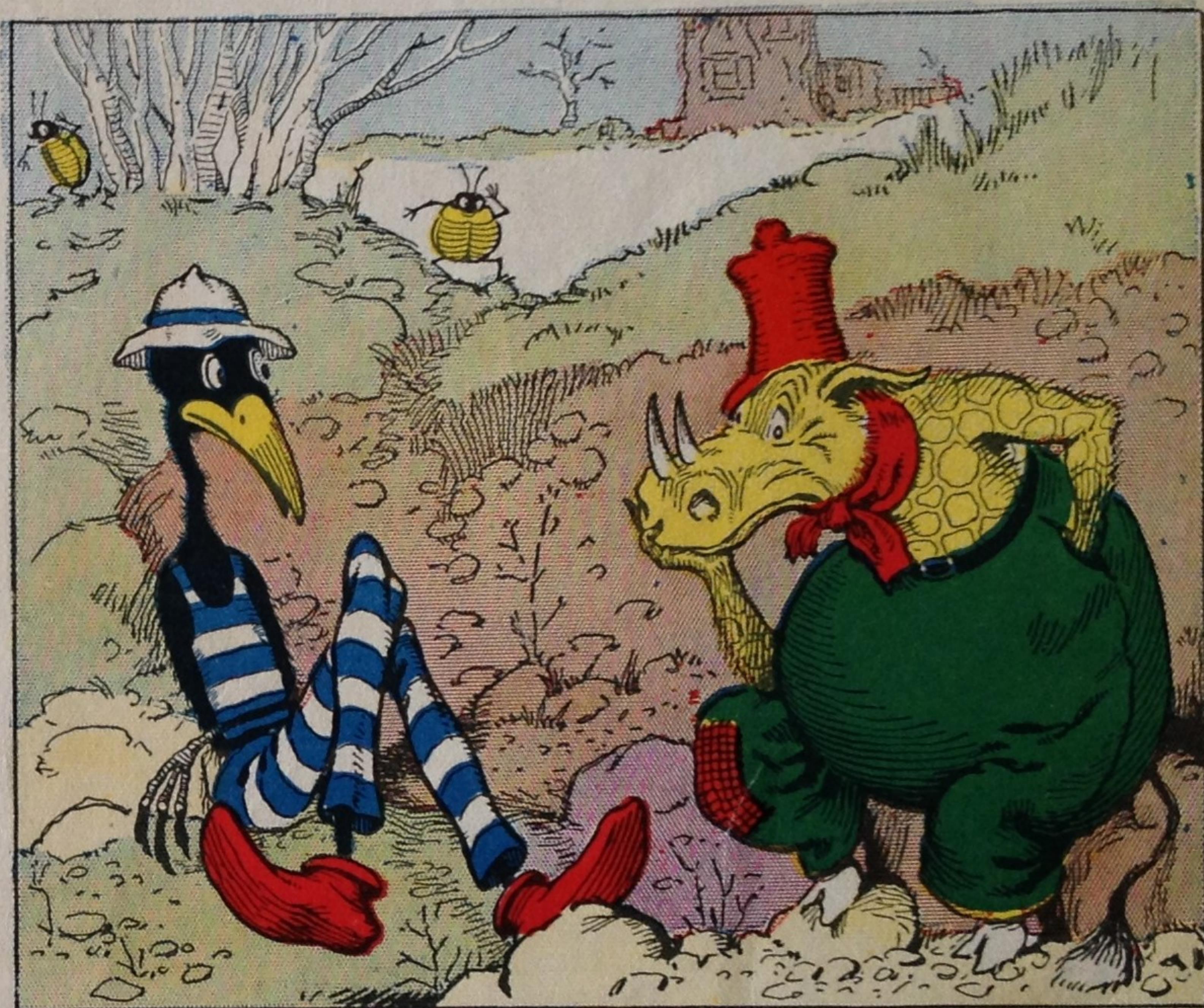
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"Well, I see you have been playing golf, Uncle Wiggily," spoke Mr. Turkey Gobbler, as he met the rabbit gentleman near the bunny's hollow stump bungalow one day just before Thanksgiving. "Yes, I played a round with Dr. Possum," answered Mr. Longears. "But where are you going, Mr. Gobbler? You look rather worried." The gobbler gentleman admitted he was worried. "You know it is Thanksgiving time," he said, "and this morning I heard the farmer in whose barn I live grinding the axe. He looked at me, too. I wish I could spend the holiday away from home." "Come to my house," said Bunny.



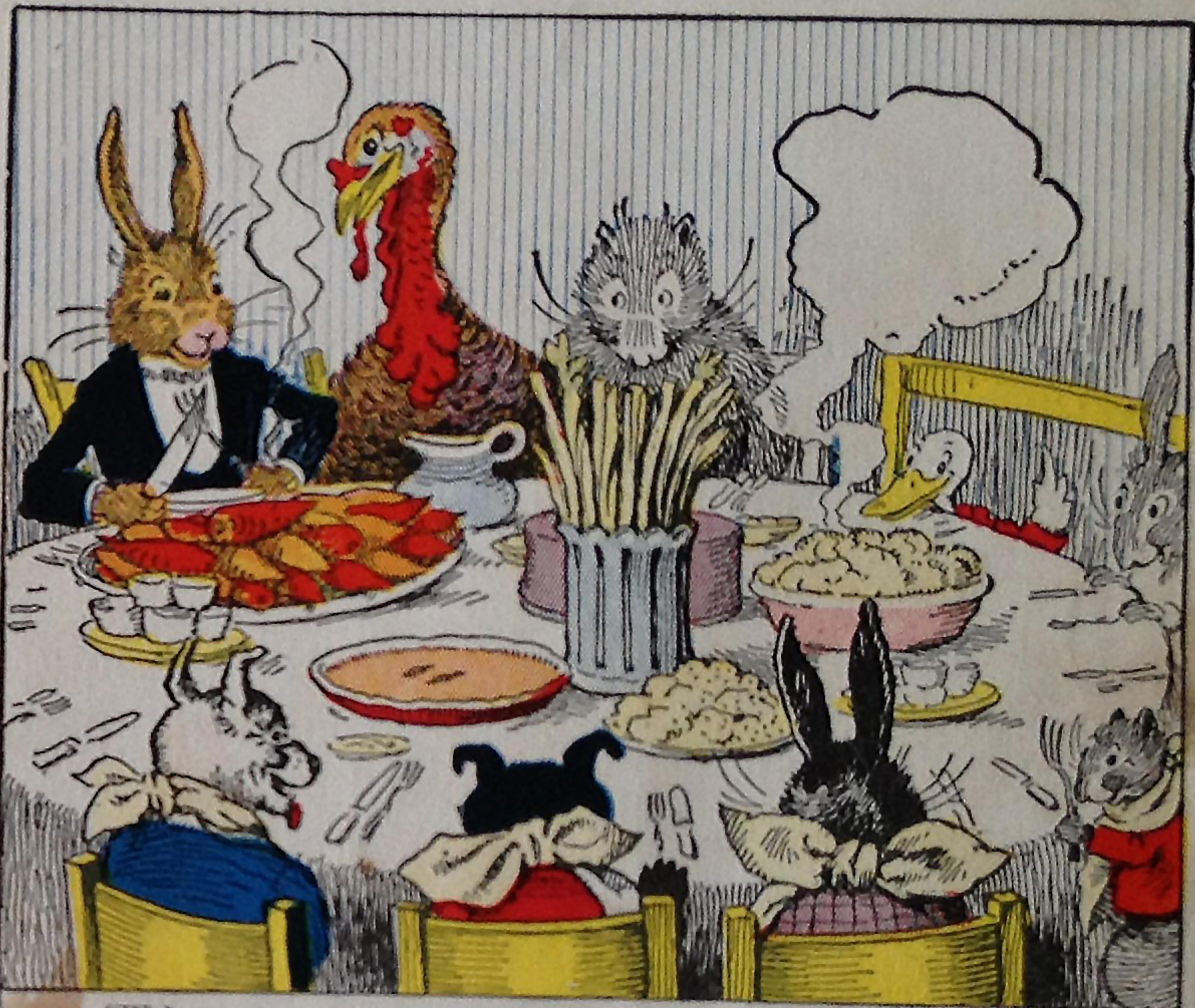
"Nurse Jane, allow me the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Turkey Gobbler," said Uncle Wiggily to his muskrat lady housekeeper, as he and his friend reached the hollow stump bungalow. "He is going to stay with us over Thanksgiving." Nurse Jane said she was glad of that. "I'm baking and stewing and frying and boiling to get ready for the feast," she added. "Do you like pumpkin pie and corn muffins, Mr. Gobbler?" The gobbler said he did, very much. "I'm always nervous around Thanksgiving time," he continued. "It is very good of Uncle Wiggily to ask me to stay. I hope I may do him a favor."



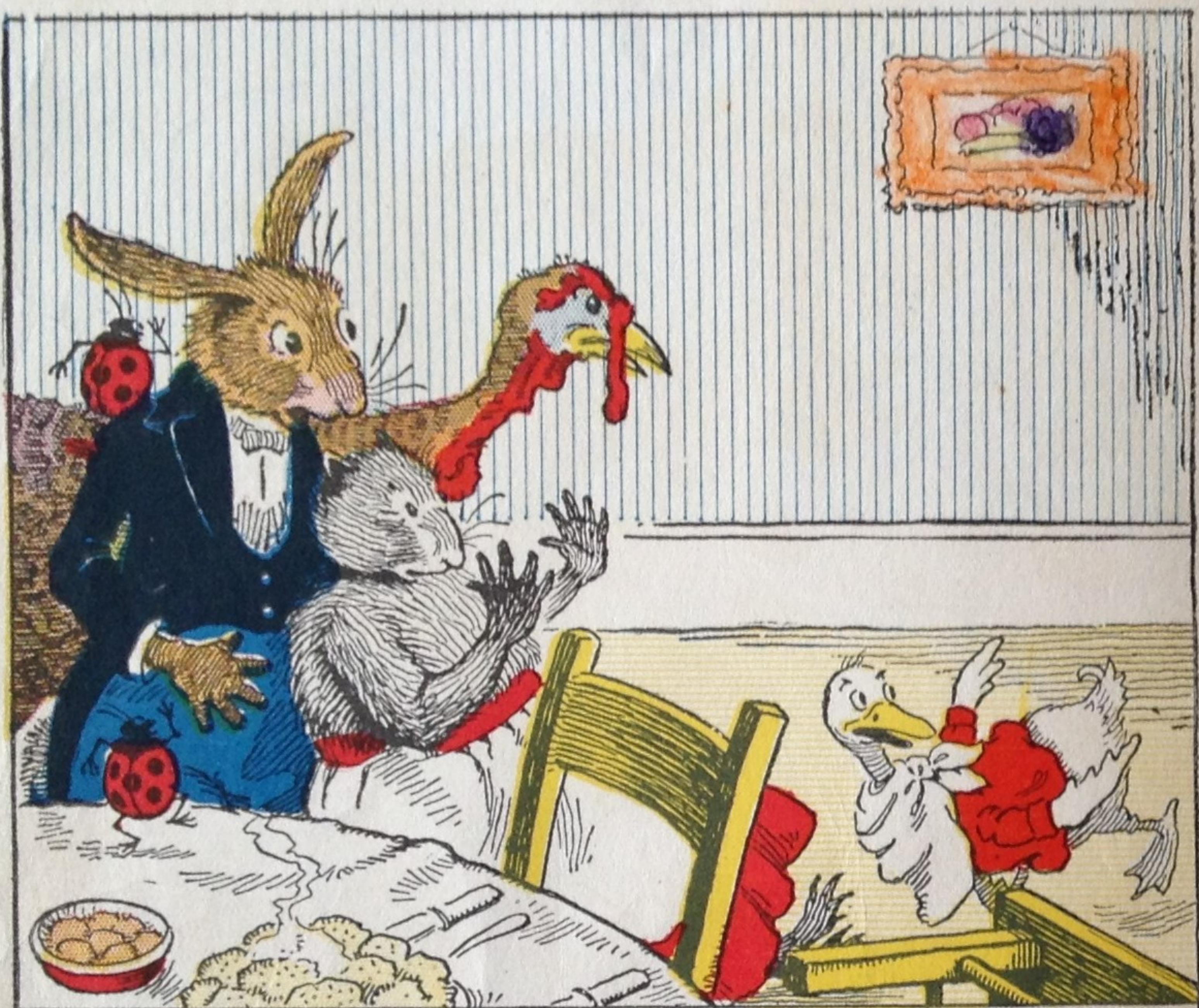
While Uncle Wiggily and the turkey gobbler were having a pleasant talk together in the hollow stump bungalow, the Pipsisewah and the Skeezicks were having a gloomy chat out in the cold. "Where are we going to get a Thanksgiving dinner?" the Pipsisewah wanted to know. "Where are we? I ask you that, Mr. Skee." The Skeezicks wobbled one leg. "If we could only catch Uncle Wiggily," he said, hungry like, "his souse would make fine Thanksgiving eating. Let's try to catch him!" The Pipsisewah scratched his nose-horn. "We might do that," he said. "Come! We'll go to that rabbit's house and get him!"



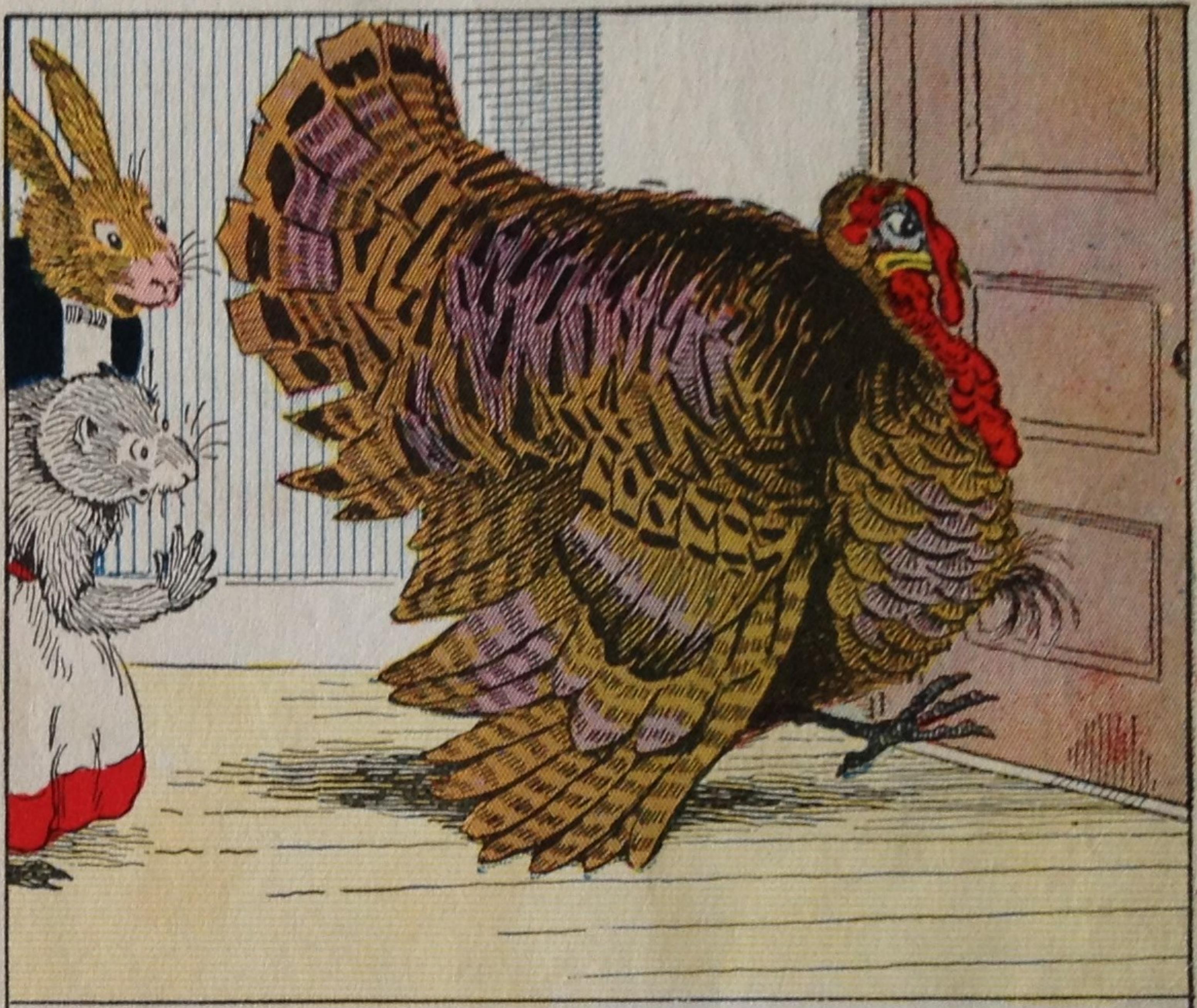
"You are going to have a fine Thanksgiving dinner, aren't you, Uncle Wiggily?" barked Jackie Bow Wow, as the little puppy dog chap helped the bunny push the wheelbarrow filled with vegetables. "Yes, I guess Nurse Jane will get up a nice meal," spoke Mr. Longears. "And I invite you all to dinner with me and meet my friend, Mr. Turkey Gobbler." The animal children said they would be glad to come. Back in the woods the Pip and Skee looked hungrily out from among the trees. "Uncle Wiggily will be so busy with his own Thanksgiving that we can easily sneak up and catch him," said the Skee.



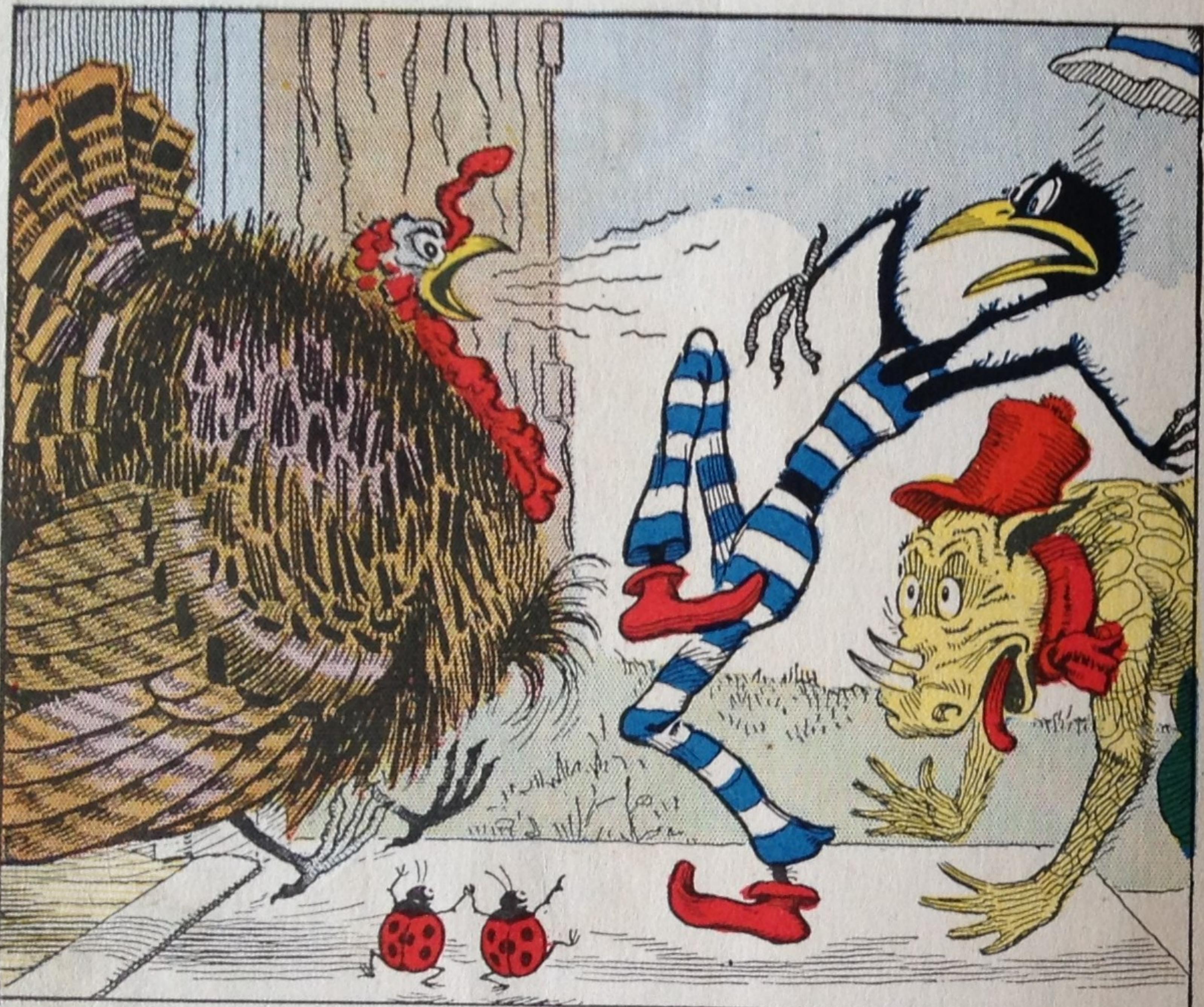
"Welcome to my Thanksgiving dinner!" cried jolly Uncle Wiggily, as he took his seat at the table, with the gobbler gentleman sitting between him and Nurse Jane. "There is enough to eat for everyone and some left over. Now, Nurse Jane, I shall carve the baked carrots!" And the bunny gentleman sharpened his knife. "It is certainly very kind of you to have me at your feast," spoke Mr. Turkey Gobbler. "I am much happier at this table than I would be at the farmer's, where I used to live. He was too fond of me!" The animal children waited with hungry appetites for Uncle Wiggily to serve them.



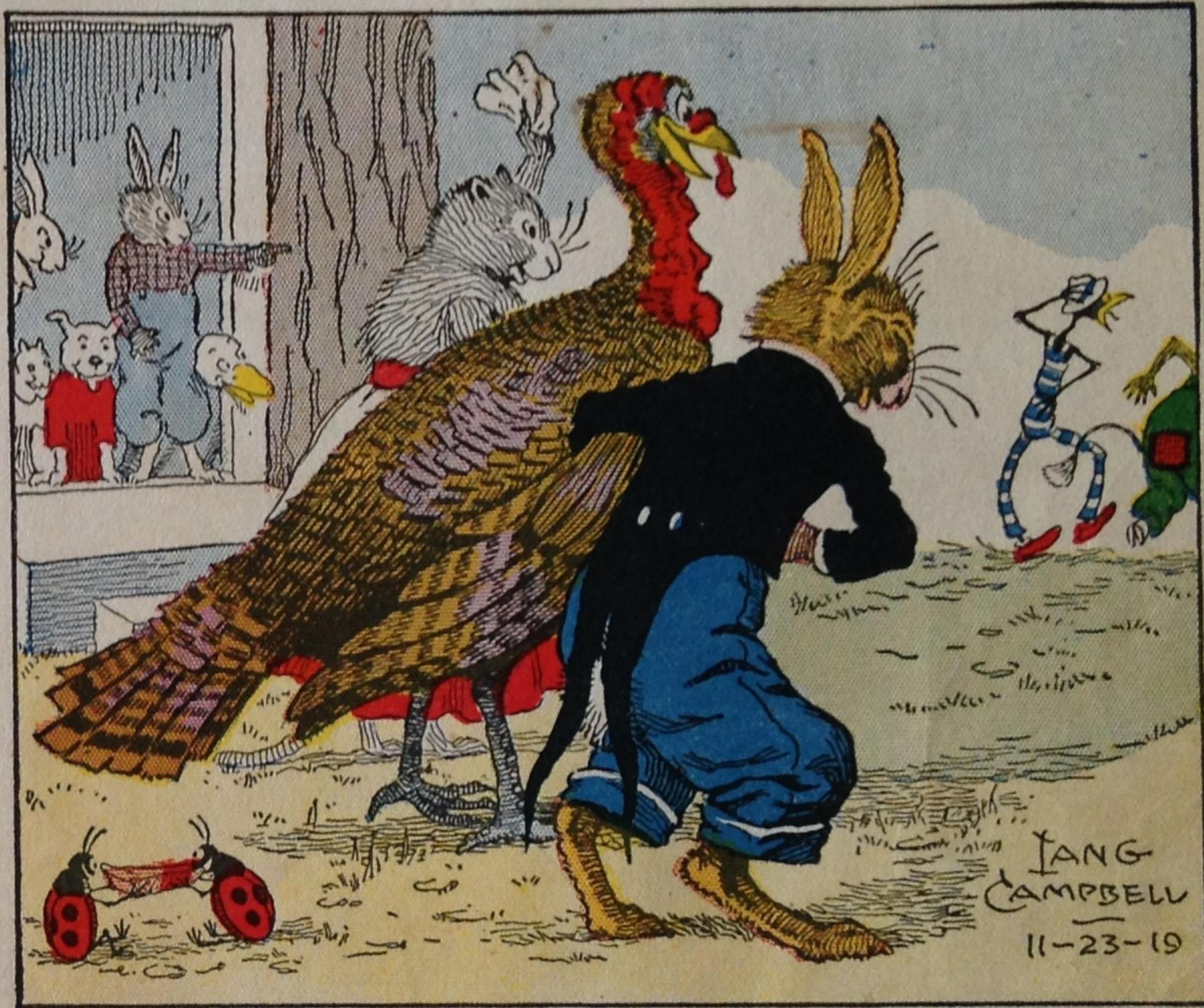
All of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggily, Nurse Jane, Mr. Turkey Gobbler and their friends were eating the Thanksgiving dinner, there came a loud knock on the bungalow door. At once everyone became frightened, and some were so excited that they knocked over their chairs. Nurse Jane nearly fainted and Uncle Wiggily had to hold her. And no wonder, for the two Squiggle Bugs, crawling in through the keyhole, had cried to the bunny: "Oh, Uncle Wiggily! The Pip and Skee are outside, and they look very hungry—very hungry, indeed!" No wonder everyone was frightened when the knock came.



"What are you going to do, Mr. Gobbler?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he saw his friend leave the table and strut toward the door. "I am going to scare the Pip and Skee away from our nice Thanksgiving dinner," answered the gobbler. "Do you think you can scare them?" asked Nurse Jane, while the animal children kept back away from the door. "I think so," answered the gobbler. "You see, I have puffed myself out so I look twice as large as I really am. And if I make my wings stiff and let them drag on the ground, and give my loudest 'Gobble-obble-obble!' I think I can scare the bad chaps away!"



"Gobble-obble-obble!" suddenly cried the turkey, as he quickly opened the door and jumped out at the Pipsisewah and Skeezeicks. "Scat! Boo! Be off, you bad chaps!" he shouted. And the Pip and Skee were so taken by surprise that they tumbled head over heels in a back somersault down the steps. "My goodness!" howled the Pip. "What in the world is after us?" The Skee said he didn't know. "But I guess it must be a wild Indian!" he yelled. "This is no place for us!" and away they started to run, while the Squiggle Bugs laughed: "Ho! Ho! Ho!" and danced up and down for joy and happiness.



"Well, now we may go back to our Thanksgiving dinner," said Uncle Wiggily, as he and Nurse Jane had a little parade in the yard. "You did me a very great favor, Mr. Gobbler, by saving me from those two bad chaps," and Mr. Longears made a mocking bow toward the two unpleasant animals who were limping away after the gobbler had scared them so they fell off the steps. "You did me a favor, so why shouldn't I do you one?" asked the turkey gentleman. "Fifty-fifty is my motto!" And the Squiggle Bugs had a piece of pie, and everyone was happy at Uncle Wiggily's Thanksgiving, except the Pip and Skee.

And if the thimble doesn't jump over the pin cushion,  
when the scissors are playing tag with the spool  
of thread, the next pictures and  
story will tell how



Uncle Wiggily Went Out With Some Christmas Presents. The Pipsisewah and Skeezicks Followed Him. But, Oh, What a Surprise! Wasn't It Nice?



"Are you sure you have everything, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, as she stood in the door of the bunny rabbit's bungalow, with a bunch of red and green holly, which she was making into wreaths for the windows. "Yes, I have the bag full of Christmas presents," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'm going to help Santa Claus now by leaving them at the homes of my friends. Santa Claus has so much to do this year that I told him I'd help him with my auto-sled." Nurse Jane said that was very kind. The bunny started off with his load of Christmas cheer.



As Uncle Wiggily was skiddering along in his auto-sled he suddenly heard joyous cries of: "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, Uncle Wiggily!" The bunny rabbit gentleman stopped and he saw a big, jolly crowd of animal children. There were rabbits, squirrels, ducks, puppy dogs and kittie-cats—all Uncle Wiggily's friends. "Well! Well!" cried the bunny, his pink nose twinkling faster than ever. "This is a jolly surprise! I was on my way to your houses to leave the presents Santa Claus had ready for you. Now that I have met you on the road, I'll give them to you."



After Uncle Wiggily had given the presents to the animal girls and boys, sending them down the road laughing and shouting with joy, the bunny rabbit gentleman came to the den of the Skeezicks. "I think I'll leave the Skee a few presents, too," said Uncle Wiggily. "True, he has been rather harsh toward me during the past year, but Christmas is a time of forgiveness. I'll just fill up this extra stocking and hang it over his fireplace. It may do him good; especially the jumping jack, which will make him laugh." So Uncle Wiggily filled a Christmas stocking for the Skeezicks.



Traveling on a little farther in his sled-auto, Uncle Wiggily came to the den of the Pipsisewah. After making sure the bad chap was not at home, just as he had done at the den of the Skeezicks, Uncle Wiggily hopped in. "First I'll hang up a holly wreath on his fireplace, as I did for the Skee," said the bunny to himself. "Holly is jolly for Christmas. Then I'll fill another extra stocking for the Pip. I'll put in a funny clown doll for the Pip—a clown that claps his hands when you tickle him. That may make the Pip laugh, and Christmas was made for laughter."



Not long after Uncle Wiggily had finished hanging up the Christmas stockings in the dens of the Skeezicks and the Pipsisewah, those bad chaps came walking along. "Hello there, Mr. Pip and Mr. Skee!" cried the funny old Snippy-Snoopy chap, who was always telling what had happened. "Did you know Uncle Wiggily was at each of your dens?" asked the Snippy-Snoopy of the two unpleasant animals. "Uncle Wiggily at our dens?" cried the Pip and Skee. "How did you know it, Snippy?" The Snoopy chap told how he had seen Uncle Wiggily coming out of their dens.



"Did you ever see the like of this?" cried the Pipsisewah, as he tickled the clown doll he had taken from his stocking. "Listen to the noise it makes! I wonder if Uncle Wiggily left these presents for me?" The Skeezicks, who was pulling the string to make the jumping-jack dance, laughed right out loud. "It certainly was Uncle Wiggily," he said. "How do you know?" asked the Pip. "Because I ran over to my den, answered the Skeezicks, "and there was this stocking waiting for me. And it had on it a card that said: 'Merry Christmas from Uncle Wiggily!'"



"Hold on there! Wait a minute!" cried the Pipsisewah and the Skee, as they raced after Uncle Wiggily in his auto sled. "Wait a minute! We want you!" The bunny made his auto go faster than ever, but, as he looked back over his shoulder, he steered crooked, and he headed straight for a stone wall! Oh, dear! I fear something is going to happen. "Wait! Wait!" howled the Pip. "Oh no, I will not wait!" said Uncle Wiggily, trying to go faster. "You want to catch me and put the souse from my ears in those bags!" And on he went, straight for the stone wall.



"Well, you see you had to wait for us after all, Uncle Wiggily!" said the Pip, as he and the Skee caught up to the bunny and took hold of him, at the same time holding out the bags they carried. "You see we caught you!" gurgled the Skee. "Yes, but if it hadn't been for the stone wall I could have gotten away," said the bunny. "I tried to make you a Merry Christmas, but I guess it didn't do much good," he said. "Oh, I don't know about that," spoke the Pip. "Do you think we chased you to get your souse, Uncle Wiggily?" The bunny gentleman said he thought so.

JANG CAMPBELL  
12-21-19



"Dear Uncle Wiggily," said the Pipsisewah, as he made a low bow, "please take this cabbage and celery with my best Christmas wishes. I'm sorry I have been bad to you during the past year." The Skee also made a nice bow. "And please take these carrots and turnips," said that queer, lanky chap. "Dear me!" spoke Uncle Wiggily, as he scratched his head. "This really is quite a surprise! Nurse Jane will be delighted." The Pip and Skee thanked Uncle Wiggily for their Christmas and he thanked them. Of course, it was too much to hope they would always be good. We'll see.

And if the lace curtain doesn't fly out of the window,  
when it ought to be covering up the gold fish so  
it will not catch the measles, the next  
pictures and story will tell how



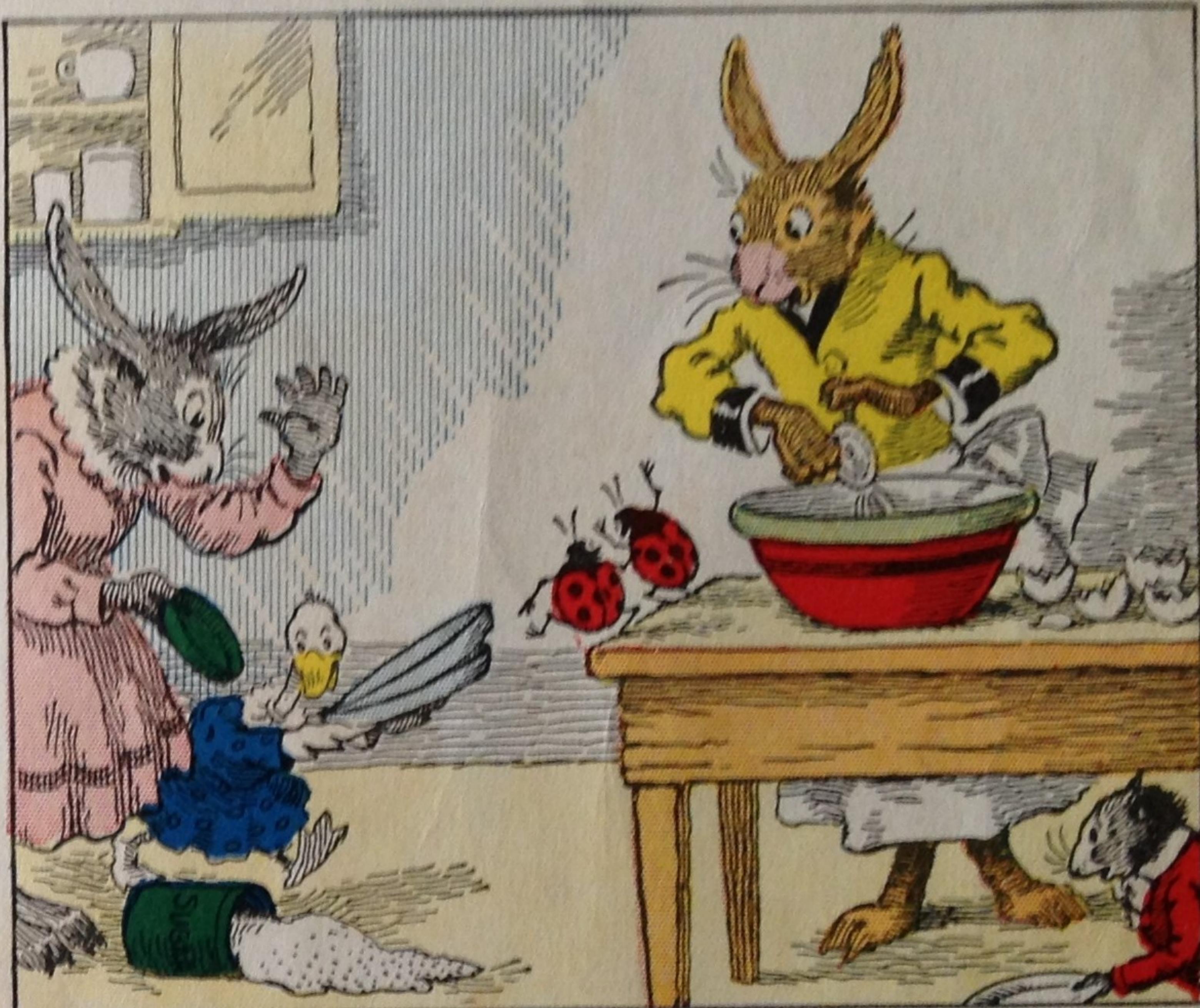
Uncle Wiggily Could Do Many Things. But When He Tried to  
Bake a New Year's Cake; Oh! What Trouble There Was! Just  
Look at the Pictures!



"Happy New Year, Uncle Wiggily!" cried Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits, and many other animal children, as they called at the bunny rabbit's hollow stump bungalow on the first day of the new year. "This is very kind of you, I'm sure," spoke Uncle Wiggilly, as he opened the door. "Please come in. Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy has gone calling, but I stayed home, to wear my old slippers and read the paper. Come in!" With joyous shouts the animal children trooped into the bungalow. "Have you any New Year's cakes?" asked Jackie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boy.



When Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and the other animal children hurried into Uncle Wiggily bungalow, Jackie Bow Wow, the little puppy dog chap, asked again: "Have you any New Year's cakes, Uncle Wiggily?" The bunny gentleman twinkled his pink nose like a strawberry lollipop and said: "If I haven't any cake, I can bake you one. Nurse Jane is out and I can do as I please in her kitchen. Come on out there and watch me make you a New Year's cake!" In this picture we see the bunny gentleman starting to bake a cake. The Squiggle Bugs look worried.



"Well, I'm all ready to beat up the eggs," said Uncle Wiggily, as he brought the egg-beater and a bowl from the closet. "Hand me the can of sugar, Susie Littletail," he said to the rabbit girl. "We want this New Year's cake to be nice and sweet." But, alas! As Susie was handing the bunny the can of sugar, the cover came off, Susie dropped the can and the sugar spilled all over the floor of the bungalow kitchen. "Never mind," kindly said Uncle Wiggily. "I guess we have more sugar. I'll get it. And we'll sweep up that which is spilled before Nurse Jane comes home."



Uncle Wiggily, after asking Lulu and Alice Wibblewobble, the two duck girls, to sweep up the spilled sugar, brought some more of the sweet stuff from the cupboard. Then the bunny rabbit gentleman began to beat the eggs up in a bowl. He turned the egg beater so fast that some of the whites and yellows splashed in the face of Peetie Bow Wow, the little brother of Jackie. "Oh, Peetie! I didn't mean to do that!" said Uncle Wiggily. "I don't mind," barked Peetie with a laugh. "I like eggs, and I'll like that cake when it's done!" The Squiggle'Bugs liked the sugar.



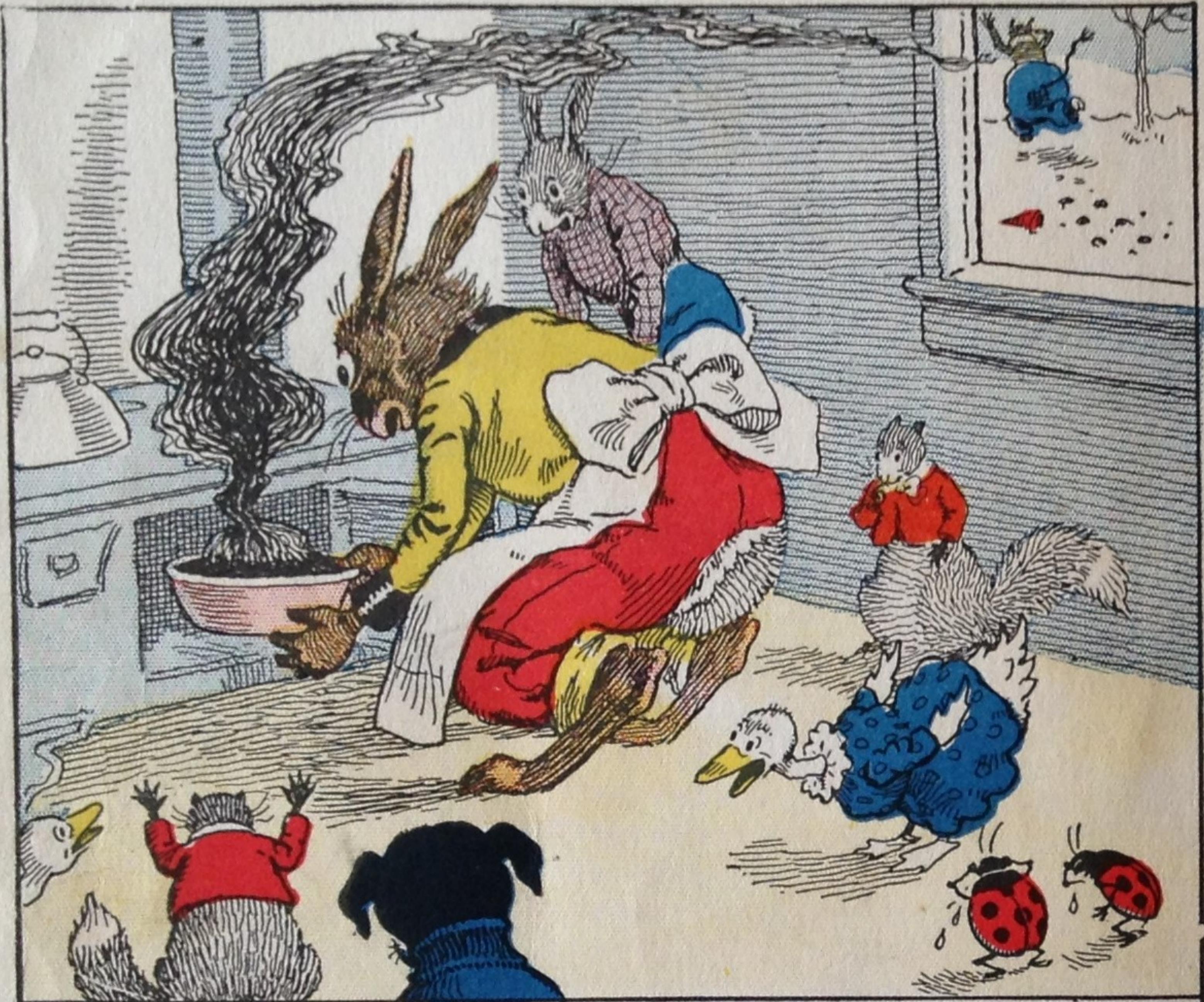
"Is the cake almost done, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, as he watched the bunny rabbit gentleman mix up some sweet batter in a bowl with a spoon. "Oh, no! Nowhere near done, Jimmie," answered Mr. Longears. "It has to be baked in the oven." And he raised a spoonful of the batter high in the air and let it flow into the bowl. As he did so, some splattered out, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys, caught it. "This is as much fun as playing ball!" chattered Billie. "I'll say so, too!" answered his brother Johnnie.



After beating up eggs, mixing sugar molasses, flour, baking powder and whatever else goes into a cake, Uncle Wiggily finished his New Year's work at last. "Now I'll put the cake in the stove oven," he said, "and, when it is baked, I'll give you each a slice for having called on me." Susie Littletail and Alice Wibblewobble watched Uncle Wiggily put the cake in the oven. All of a sudden, Sammie Littletail, who had gone to the window to look across the snowy-covered fields with Johnny Bushytail, cried out: "Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Here comes the Pipsisewah! Will he take the cake?"

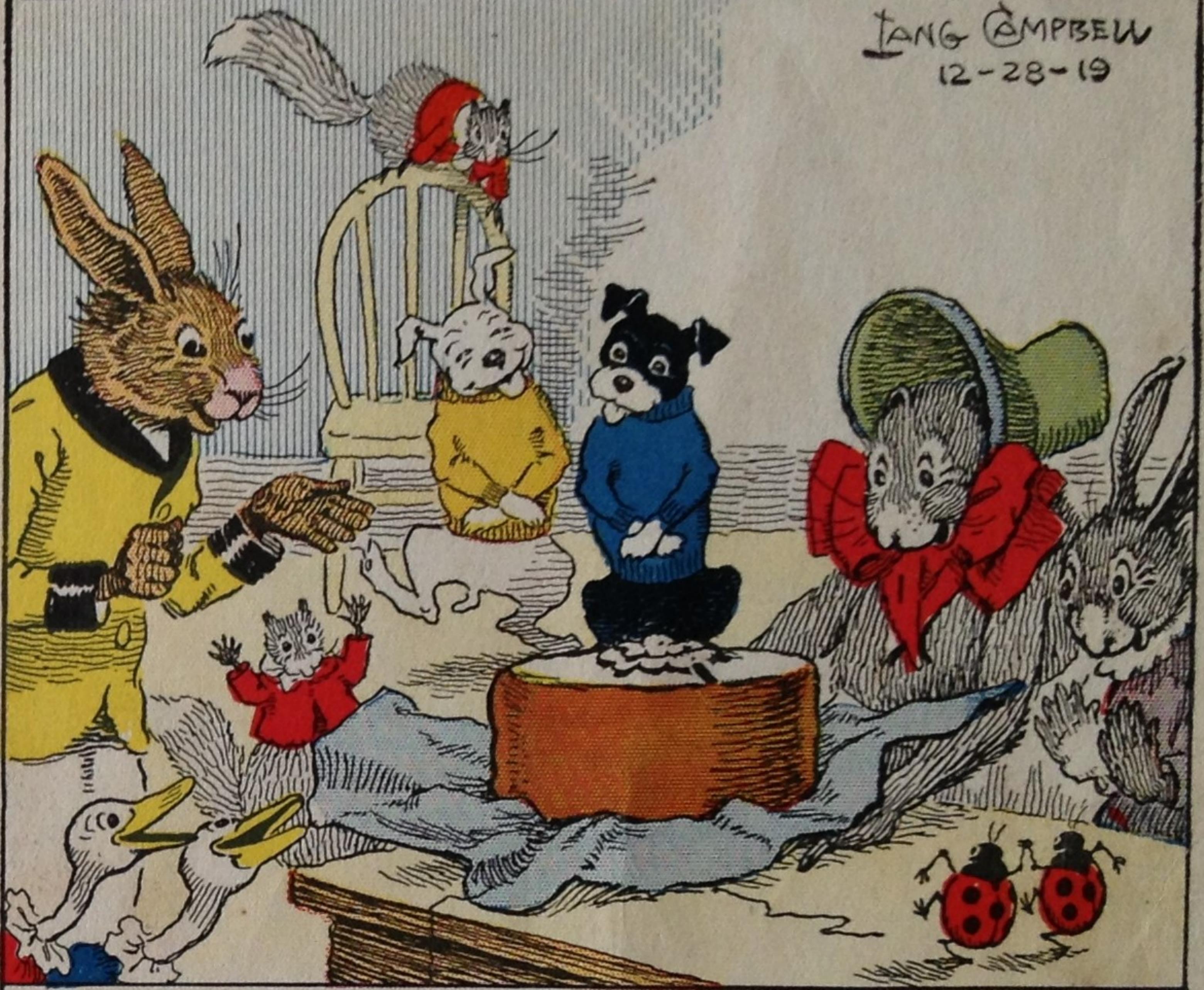


Uncle Wiggily quickly put the cake in the hot oven. Then he ran over to the window where Sammie and Johnnie had seen the Pipsisewah. Sure enough, the bad chap was skipping along toward the hollow stump bungalow. "Oh, what can we do?" cried Susie Littletail. "I know!" quacked Lulu Wibblewobble. "We can throw hard lumps of coal at the bad chap!" Uncle Wiggily twinkled his pink nose, clapped his paws, and said: "That's right! Come on, everybody! The hod is full of coal. Throw some of the hard lumps at the Pip!" And through the open windows this was done.



Uncle Wiggily and the animal children threw so many lumps of coal at the Pipsisewah that the bad chap was glad enough to run away. "Oh, wow!" he cried. "I guess they don't want me to pay a New Year's call!" And when Uncle Wiggily saw that the pip had gone he turned back to the stove. "I guess our cake is done," said he. But alas, the fire was so hot, and it had taken so long to drive the Pipsisewah away by throwing lumps of coal at him, that the New Year's cake was burned to a cinder! The oven was full of smoke. "No cake for us!" said the bunny. "Oh, dear!"

JANG CAMPBELL  
12-28-19



Uncle Wiggily felt so badly at having let the cake burn that he did not know what to do. But, all of a sudden, the kitchen door opened and in came Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper. "Well, well!" she cried. "I'm glad you have company, Uncle Wiggily, for Aunt Lettie, the goat lady, on whom I called, gave me a lovely plum-pudding cake for you. I brought it with me." "Oh, joy!" cried all the animal children. Uncle Wiggily blew a kiss to Nurse Jane. "Get plates and forks!" cried the bunny. "We'll have a New Year's feast now!"



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